

喬林 知
松本テマリ

真魔国 王立研究室／編

Maru-ma Series
Official Fan Book

2 本



高林 知
松本テマ！」

真魔国 王立研究室／編

Maru-ma Series
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Kyou Kara Maou - MA-Hon

Table of Contents

1. [Interview](#)
2. [Special Short Story: Replay \(SSS Re:\) 1-6](#)
3. [Special Short Story: Replay \(SSS Re:\) 7-13](#)
4. [Special Short Story: Replay \(SSS Re:\) 14-End](#)

Interview

While I was debating whether or not I should just skip back to the novels instead of doing the mini-stories, I translated this short interview about the map of the kingdom. It's spoiler-free and took me about ten minutes to do (not counting the time I spent on Youtube XD)

This interview goes along with a map. I'm using the one translated into English on the KKM wiki. I'm not 100% sure what their image policy is but considering I'm the one that photoshopped the English in and uploaded the pic I don't think it will be an issue. The original image is on my laptop so it's in digital purgatory at the moment while I attempt repairs.



Takabayashi: If possible, I didn't want to release this...

Manager G: You don't know when to give up.

Takabayashi: The sizes of the territories are really random so please don't put much faith in the land ratios... please... But, even though it looks like this it's the original hand-drawn map with a lot of the writing cleaned up. There were rivers and mountains all carefully drawn in. It was like 'I really blew it' or a mistake of my youth.

Manager G: To the left and right of Conanshia there are countries I've never heard of called Narsella, Gresla and Trimea.

Takabayashi: That's because they haven't appeared in the story. At the time I was thinking up the setting, the area around Conanshia was in the middle of civil war so there are areas here and there that aren't independent yet. But, I don't think that I'll use them in the future.

Manager G: The former Empire of Zorashia is in the area as well, right?

Takabayashi: Yeah, it's supposed to be there but I didn't draw it in, huh (how careless)

Manager G: And then inside The Great Demon Kingdom, the area under the control of the Demon King is a weird shape and it's really the best part.

Takabayashi: It's the area where the royal capital is located so I thought that it might be best if it could border as many of the nobles' territories as possible – and this was the result. But when it comes to Radford and Rochefort, there's really no way for them to border it.

Manager G: Those two and also Gyllenhaal are a bit left out.

Takabayashi: It might be because there are no main characters from there. Although the southwest area is important in the national defense. Well, the current king is an eternal pacifist so you would think that there would be less difficulties with border security, but... he's absent a lot so if I had to say, I worry more about the domestic issues.

Manager G: By the way, Luttenberg was there?

Takabayashi: Yeah. It's 'The Lion's Nose' moreso than 'The Tiger's Butt,' lol. (1)

Manager G: If it used to be under the control of the Demon King... then, this is a satellite area.

Takabayashi: If it wasn't bordering human lands then even if Second-Son-Father (Dunheely) was granted land, it would have been difficult for him to shelter humans and demon relatives.

Manager G: If the second son inherited it and got along even better with Suzanna Julia, this place would quite smoothly merge into the Wincott territory, wouldn't it.

Takabayashi: Ah, I see. Lady Celi might have been full of dreams then and completely backed up the second son. Okay, let's just say that was part of the plan from the very beginning!

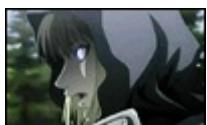
(1) The Lion's Nose and The Tiger's Butt rhyme in Japanese. 'Shihi no hana' 'Tora no ana' And yes, there really was a Japanese 'lol' there.

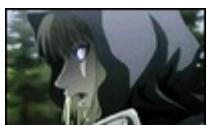
That was it! I figured those who skipped the other part because of spoilers would want something a little more interesting than the newspaper article about UFO catchers~

Oh, and please tell me I'm not the only one OCDing about the little symbol for Blood Pledge Castle being lopsided o.o

Tags: [kkm translation](#), [misc kkm](#)

Current Location: [Home!](#)



Current Mood:  hyper

Current Music: Linda Linda Linda by The Blue Hearts

Special Short Story: Replay (SSS Re:) 1-6

Conrad is such a troll. He is.

These are the first three pages of the SSS stories. There are 11 altogether. It was a random number of pages to translate, I know, but I got to the last one and needed to post it immediately XD Anyway, I thought I'd just start on this while I waited to hear back from Lrenne~ These stories are really longer than I thought they were. I mean, they're still short, but the way they're arranged on the page makes them look a lot shorter.

Anyway, there *might* be a minor spoiler in the first story with Josak and Gwendal, but I also feel like there's a 99% chance that this is the first time it was mentioned (and it's also super minor and non-plot related) so I'm personally not counting it as a spoiler. Like, you could read it and not even know wtf I'm referring to. I put it behind a clicky thing anyway. The rest of these are spoiler free!

Also, each page seems to have its own little theme and the stories on any given page are related so I marked where new pages begin with ..~ type things.

Josak x Gwendal

[\[Spoiler \(click to open\)\]](#)

“I told you I wanted to talk outside the castle because I didn’t want to be overheard.”

Lord von Voltaire placed his long fingers on his forehead and closed his eyes as the wrinkles between his eyebrows deepened. The ladies loved this troubled look on him. Of course, in this place it was the same for even those people who were ladies only by their clothing. Sighs that sound like lovestruck girls come from far away seats.

“... Who said to use your shop?”

“Oh? But I thought that the location and structural architecture were perfect.”

Josak sat across from Gwendal with a cup of alcohol in his hand. Contrary to his boss, he was extremely happy.

“And besides, this isn’t my shop. There, he’s the manager.”

“You’re the one who employs the manager. Did you think I wouldn’t notice what sort of job my subordinate has?”

“Oh, so you found out?”

Side-jobs weren’t expressly forbidden so he’s not worried that he’s been found out. Rather it was his boss, Gwendal, who was clearing his throat uncomfortably. It’s to be expected as the shop that Josak was presiding over was a specialized entertainment venue where men in women’s clothes served the customers. Here and there in the quite large inside of the shop there were men in drag watching the pair’s exchange. He could also hear excited whispers such as ‘Lord von Voltaire!’ and ‘It’s His Excellency Gwendal!’

There was the rare, dainty person that women’s clothes suited well. However, most of them were tall with thick chests, men who were blessed with muscly physiques. So, everyone who comes to this shop for the first time feels like this: aren’t they in the wrong profession? When Gwendal’s thoughts reached that far, he turned to Josak as if he had suddenly thought of something and asked him a question in a voice so low he might as well have been whispering in his ear.

“You’re not going to tell me that all the people working here are off-duty soldiers, are you?”

“Of course not!”

“Then why do they know who I am?”

“That’s because Your Excellency is quite popular.” He made such a displeased face that Josak quickly amended his statement. “Professionally, of course. That dancer before thought so too, as well as that young guy who brought the drinks.”

“... In other words, only a few of them aren’t soldiers.”

Getting a glimpse into the unknown, daily life of soldiers, the demon who oversaw them dropped his shoulders, crestfallen. Be that as it may, getting depressed all by himself wouldn’t do anything. The value of a soldier lies in whether he fulfills his duties or not. What he does in his free time is not a

problem. If they can meet their next mission with an earnest attitude by spending time relaxing in this shop, then there was nothing to complain about. In the first place, he had come here to discuss a new pending issue, not to observe the off duty soldiers... Gwendal forced himself to drive away his disappointment with all of his willpower.

“At any rate, even if this is secluded, with this much attention on us this isn’t confidential in the least.”

“Honestly, Your Excellency, if you wanted to have a drink with just the two of us you should have said so.”

“Cut that out.”

Gwendal read too much into that and got mad at him. It’s times like these that you need to hide behind drinks and fun.

“Well if we’re not going to get any work done then we might as well drink and have some fun. Let’s forget our troubles! Look, there are enough beautiful spots for you to put both of your hands... Okay I get it, there aren’t any beautiful spots. After that we’ll go somewhere else and have a serious and private talk. With our knees pressed together.”

“When you say have fun...”

An upright nobleman would have no interest in gambling in the castle town. So, Josak decided to teach his embarrassed boss a game that was starting to gain popularity lately.

“I’ll teach you that baseball game that His Majesty loves. Your Excellency has never played before, right?”

His Majesty loves it. That was the ultimate hook line and sinker.

....*

This is rock, this is scissors, this is paper. If you lose, you take off one piece of clothing. After being told those scant rules and pressured into playing, Lord von Voltaire didn’t realize it until after the fifth match. He had luckily won much

more than his opponent and Josak was the only one stripping.

“No, this is wrong. This isn’t baseball.”

“Huh? It is.”

“No, it’s absolutely not. I’ve played strip-if-you-lose rock paper scissors with Anissina before, but she didn’t say that it was baseball.”

“Eh!? Your Excellency, you played a game like that with little Anissina!?”

“No, that wasn’t my point. What I wanted to say was that baseball isn’t a game you play with your bare hands, but with a stick and balls...”

“Oh my, a stick and *balls*? That’s not very adult of you, Your Excellency.”

You couldn’t really call a man who was a hundred and few dozen years old a child or an adult.

“But anyway, this is a different version of baseball. The baseball that His Majesty played developed into a martial art and it’s called ‘baseball fist.’ The motto is: talk to one another with manly fists.” (1)

“Then, then I have a question.”

“Uhuh?”

It’s okay to flippantly answer questions while sitting in a bar. But if someone asked you a question while breathing so heavily, you’d end up feeling bad if you didn’t answer them seriously.

“What is ‘out?’ What does it mean!?”

“It means you messed up.”

“Then, what about ‘safe’!?”

“Success!”

“Then what does ‘yoyoi no yoi’ mean? What about ‘yoyoi no yoi’!?”

“Honestly, Your Excellency, yoyoi no yoi is what you say to the winner. If you leave that out it won’t be a match between gentleman.” (2)

“I, I see.”

Gwendal was dangerously close to being fooled, but then it seemed like he realized the strange amount of times he won. He had finally started to wonder why a complete amateur at baseball fist was winning so much.

“Wait. Why are you the only one stripping?”

Gwendal stops Josak as he hooks his fingers into what His Majesty calls ‘skintight panties.’ Whether you strip or not is decided by the outcome of the match so the fact that the boss only took off his jacket and the subordinate is on his last piece

of clothing is obviously the result that Gwendal won and Josak continued to lose. However, since he was not aware of the strategy of waiting to see what your opponent does, he did not understand that his opponent could manipulate the outcome of the game by showing his hand an instant later.

“What, did you want to strip?”

“Like I would want to do that!”

On the other side of the finger Gwendal had whipped around, the employees all held their breath and looked up at them. They all had hopeful looks in their eyes. Only an exhibitionist could withstand a gaze like that.

“Then you admit that I lost.”

He’s really going to strip naked!? Everyone except one got really excited. The soldiers were used to seeing naked guys, but it was a different story when it was the result of losing at baseball fist. It wouldn’t just be being stark naked, it would be accompanied by defeat and humiliation. When this nightlife game spread as the slightly different ‘Night Baseball,’ everyone’s thoughts were ‘His Majesty brought in one sinful game.’

On the other hand, the first-time baseball fist player Gwendal was getting flustered in a different way. He was worried about whether it would hurt the pride of a skilled soldier of his to be embarrassed like this over a simple game in a bar. Furthermore, Josak Gurrier was his trump card. He might have issues with his behavior, but since Josak wasn’t picky with his missions and he delivered favorable results, he was incredibly valuable. Could Gwendal afford to lose such a valuable, elite soldier over a stupid game like this?

However, the boss’s modest concern turned out to be unnecessary.

On the nether regions exposed in a smooth movement... there was a huge leaf pasted in place.

“... Gurrier.”

“Yes?” replied the man who had stripped in a very sporting manner as he twirled a pair of red underwear around in the air on his index finger. He’s really having fun.

“Is that in fashion nowadays?”

“No, this is the plant underwear I invented that’s not really underwear. At the moment I’m commercializing it for the ladies who want to see the surprised faces of gentlemen. After all, there aren’t any slightly crude items like this in ‘The

Queen's Inventions.””

Branching out into the underwear industry without having tired of the hospitality business, it was quite the diversified management system. However, as a noble and soldier who had not once in his life had worries over money, Gwendal couldn't possibly understand the economic sense of someone who had experience poverty.

“... Gurrier,” he muttered in a perplexed tone as he slumped back in his seat, dejected. “What exactly is your main occupation?”

“Honestly, Your Excellency, don't you know?” Josak casually replied as he stood on the table with just his leaf.

“I am Your Excellency's devoted servant.”

(1) The strip version of rock paper scissors does exist in Japan and it *is* called baseball fist (yakyuken).

(2) Yoyoi no yoi is a sort of nonsensical way to say ‘yay.’ It's more of a nice, rhythmical thing to say rather than an actual phrase. I guess if I had to think up something similar in English it would be ‘yippie kai yay’ or however that's spelled~

...

Murata x Yuuri x Wolfram

“Ah, hot springs are nice! They even completely ease old injuries that flare up during the changing seasons.”

“Old injuries? Shibuya, you just got that injury two months ago.”

“Yuuri! Did you get involved in a fight!?”

“No, Wolf. It was a game, not a fight.”

“Well, even so, getting in a huge public bath like this together really raises your spirits. This makes me remember the field trip in middle school.”

“Oh right, the public bath during the field trip. But you know, that was difficult age when there’s still **** and no **** so there’s always that one person, isn’t there? You know, the guy who goes in with swim trunks on.”

“Ahaha, yeah, yeah there was! Hey, that was me.”

“Eh!? That was you!?”

“An abscess on my butt had started to fester. So, I put a waterproof band-aid on it and then trunks on top to keep it from coming off.”

“... You didn’t need to go through all that trouble to get in the bath. Oh yeah, are there field trips in The Great Demon Kingdom?”

“Field... maybe. Are they those events where students spend the whole day strengthening bonds and feelings of solidarity amongst their companions?”

Wolfram asked.

“Yeah, that.”

“The entire unit is sent out into the mountains to march without sleep. There are wild animals that attack out of nowhere and traps set up but you don’t know where. Your water and portable food rations are meager as well.”

“Th... that’s survival training, I think.”

“During that time, I discovered that people who are starving will eat snakes or whatever they can get their hands on.”

“N-now that you mention bathing in a group, there’s *that*. We compare *that*, too. Whenever you get a dozen or so guys the same age together in a bath the conversation always ends up turning in that direction. The class split up into three groups: the proud group, the group that watches, and the check-this-out group.”

“Ugh, Shibuya, it’s better if we don’t try that out here.”

“Why? Ah Murata, you don’t have any confidence?”

“That’s not it. There are a lot of delicate issues when it comes to differences between people. I mean, look. We can’t ruin his consideration for us by oh so inconspicuously sitting facing the other way.”

“What do you mean, inconspicuously facing the other way? We have the same height anyway so it really won’t make a difference what direction he’s facing...”

Conrad x Gwendal x Günter

“You shouldn’t make such a sullen face here. You should just relax in the baths together and deepen your friendship with His Majesty, Gwen. Ah, or maybe...”

“What?”

“Will you be troubled if you lose to Wolfram?”

“Wh-wh-wh-what!? What exactly would I lose to Wolfram in!?”

“I was just talking about how many scars you have so why are you so flustered?”

“Ah, yeah, scars. I see, scars... But Wolfram doesn’t have any obvious scars.”

“Well, that’s true. No matter how easygoing she is, Mother wouldn’t have allowed her adorable, youngest son to be sent to the front lines.”

“It’s not just Wolfram; all three of them over there have probably never been injured.”

“Not necessarily. His Majesty has quite a few injuries. On his shins, on his arm... starting from his elbow, about this length. He said he broke the rules a bit and used a head slide and his flesh got gouged out.”

“I’m surprised. I had thought he had never been in battle. I see, he broke the rules...”

“Speaking of breaking the rules... there was a teacher at the military school who taught us that ‘A scar on your back is a mark of shame. It means that you tried to run away and showed your back to the enemy!’ wasn’t there?”

“There was a teacher who emphasized that. But if you go out to a real battlefield, you immediately realize that pretty ideals like that have no place there.”

“Yeah. People will assault you from behind right after they beg for their life, et cetera. It happens quite frequently.”

“It’s scary that he didn’t know that.”

“Truly. There wasn’t a single scar on that teacher’s body.”

“Yeah, he was beautiful.”

“Y-you two, I was staying quiet listening to you, but you are really going too far!”

“No one said it was you, Günter,” said Gwendal.

“That’s right, Günter. Gwen and I didn’t say a single thing about you.”

...

Jennifer x Yuuri

“Hey, Mama, is Santa Claus real?”

“Oh, Yuu-chan, the day where you ask that question has finally come for you too, huh? The day you learn the truth about Santa Claus. What brand are those red clothes? Is that suspicious beard real? And, just how high is his blood sugar level!?”

“Blood sugar? I’m not talking about ‘dippicul’t’ stuff like that.”

“Ehehe, that’s right, that was an adult concern. Of course Santa exists, Yuu-chan. A news reporter somewhere said something like this: the important things are things you can’t see.”

“... You cut too much out of it so it doesn’t make sense.”

“You don’t get it? Really? But Santa Claus is really real. He exists. I’m not sure what generation he is now, though. A card came in the mail addressed to you, didn’t it?”

“... It wasn’t handwritten.”

“Oh, Yuu-chan! Don’t say mean things. Santa is a foreigner so he has a huge complex about not being able to write in Japanese. And now you’re asking for a handwritten card? That’s bullying. That’s a type of foul play.”

“But Santa Claus didn’t come to our house last year.”

“That’s right. Scandinavia is really far away from Japan. It’s so far away you have

to get a connecting flight. Santa is real and he does have a reindeer sled, but that thing about the sled flying is a misunderstanding. I mean, it's impossible that a sled would fly through the sky—no, sky! If an engine like that existed in this world then Mama would have been on the Galaxy Express a long time ago.” (1)

“Mama, you can't turn into a ‘meter!’”

“Of course I won't turn into one. It's okay. I would never choose Tetsurou over you, Yuu-chan. But if a reindeer sled traveled over land, it would have an accident before it got to Japan. He's not very Santa Close. Okay, that right now was Papa's bad joke, not Mama's.” (2)

“But, but I heard that Santa went to my friend's house...”

“Oh dear! They must have unlicensed products in their house! Probably something like the ‘Anywhere Doora.’ If you have that, then no matter how little mobility a sled has, you can go door-to-door all the way to Japan. But the Food and Health Bureau hasn't approved that yet so only Dr. F. Fujio is allowed to use it. If you don't want your friend to be wanted by the police, keep this a secret between you and Mama.” (3)

“Eh? If the real Santa comes he'll get arrested?”

“Shh! Do. Not. Ever. Say. That. Again. But it's okay. Papa has received an official commission from the Santa Company. When it comes to Yuu-chan and Sho-chan's presents, just leave it to Mama and Papa.”

“Why is Papa being Santa? I knew that Papa put on red clothes and left the presents, but, but why is Papa Santa!?”

“Papa has been approved as the Shibuya family's official Santa Claus. If he puts on a costume and holds a sack, he's Santa for a day. Even if he's so drunk he can't say the name. Hey, there's a lot of those right? Station master for a day, chief of police for a day, yakuza boss for a day – it's the same thing.”

“... yakuza...”

“Of course if Papa is on a business trip then Mama will take on the job. Mini-skirt Santa for the day. If Mama is away, then Sho-chan will be Boy Santa for the day... Oh, what's wrong, Yuu-chan? Why are you crying? Did you not like Boy Santa? Eh, what is it? ... Mama's mini-skirt... is... bad? Yuu-chan?”

- (1) Reference to the train Galaxy Express 999 from the anime of the same name. Basically, it was a train that traveled through space.
- (2) Two parts! Tetsurou is the main character in Galaxy Express 999. The original Japanese joke was shoving the word for troubles or hardships(kurou 苦勞) into Santa Claus(santa kuroosu サンタクロース) to get this ---> santa kurousu サンタ苦勞ス. This makes it into Santa Having-a-hard-times.
- (3) The 'Anywhere Door' is from Doraemon which was created by Fujiko F. Fujio (pen name). The door was a device that took you anywhere. There's an 'a' on the end of it in the text because Jennifer pronounced it wrong XD

Wolfram x Yuuri

“Are they really going to like this?”

“They’ll love it. Even if it’s from someone who put on red clothes to be Santa for the day, kids love getting presents. Hey, your hands aren’t moving. If you have time to have misgivings then you have time to wrap. There’s only the two of us. We have to leave these by the children’s pillows tonight. The sun’s already went down.”

“I know. I’ll wrap them. I just have to wrap them and tie a bow on them right?”

“Right. Ah, don’t forget to put the candy in. The star cookies too.”

“It’s alright, everything’s inside. But this... Is it okay for demon boys to be happy about stuffed animals!?”

“Whoa, don’t get angry all of a sudden. There are girls too. There are girls. If Miss Anissina heard what you said right now it’d be trouble in more ways than one. But... huh, I thought that they would be happy with Made in Gwendal stuffed animals. Little kids like incomprehensible animals, right? The ones where you say ‘I can’t tell if it’s cute or gross!’”

“Really? My older brother’s works are avant-garde art for adults so I thought that children wouldn’t understand them.”

“Eh? That’s what you were worried about!? Y-you’re a nice little brother.”

“Even so, why do you and I have to bring these to the children? It’ll take forever. It would be done in the blink of an eye if we asked Anissina to use her ‘Poison Lady Delivery.’”

“Look, for this kind of situation there’s meaning in having Santa Claus deliver these. It’s important that white-bearded Santa in red clothes carries a big sack and sneaks in during the middle of the night.”

“Isn’t he suspicious?”

“Don’t say suspicious. Santa Claus is the only one in the entire world who is allowed to come into someone’s house without saying anything. You could say he’s a man who has a trespassing permit. Although, going in through the chimney is a little... it’s life threatening so we can’t do that.”

“But I’m not that... Senta Ku... Santaku? I’m not that guy.”

“Hey, don’t turn a popular children’s character into a name of a quiz show host. It’s okay even if you’re not the actual Santa. You look good in a Santa costume.”

“You look better!”

“I don’t know if you’re angry or praising me, Wolf... ah!”

“Ah!”

“Why did the lights suddenly go out? Did the oil run out? Or rather, did the magic power run out? Eh!? That’s bad. The sun set so it’s dark but we have to finish wrapping these presents tonight. I can’t see what’s in my hands in this darkness!”

“Calm down, Yuuri. I can do something about the light... look.”

“Oh, right. Great! You’re good at using fire. But, isn’t it hot to have flame on your palm? Although it is pretty in a magical way.”

“It’s not really hot. Should it be brighter?”

“Oh, awesome! Light is floating in places where there aren’t candles or anything. Whoa, they’re all over the walls! Wolf, that’s awesome. The kids would love it if you showed this to them! There are candles in the air, like magic. It’s beautiful.”

“R-really? I can do this too.”

“Wow, awesome! It’s blowing out fire while flying around! It’s like fireworks in the Tokyo Dome! It’s weird that it’s not hot at all after throwing around sparks like this... oh, one jumped out the window...”

“It’ll burn out by itself so it’s okay... Huh? Why are the guards running around so much? And the straw by the barn is... burn...ing...”

“... Wolf, they’re screaming something like ‘an enemy attack!’ outside...”

Conrad x Yuuri

“I came running to see what happened...”

“I’m sorry for making you worry, Conrad. I feel bad for making Wolfram go apologize by himself.”

“It’s okay. He did that knowing what kind of commotion it would cause.”

“But he has to get let out soon. We were supposed to deliver these presents to the children after this. Maybe I should go apologize to Gwen too... Even so...

Umm, uh, Conrad? It looks really good on you, but are all of the soldiers really wearing that at work tonight?”

“Everyone in Santa costumes? Of course not! Just a small part of the guards. They thought Your Majesty would like it. Also in my case I have something to do late tonight – like sneaking down a chimney.”

“Sneaking do-... Well I’m glad. It’s fun, though I was surprised when I looked out of the window and saw a bunch of Santas. But this sort of thing livens things up, dressing for the part. I kind of thought you had all taken advantage of Christmas and started some kind of stag party! I was wondering if I had interrupted your own plans of partying for the next few days to welcome the new year.”

“Ah, the so-called Single Bells.” (1)

“Oh so you’re planning on a White Christmas? It’d be great if there isn’t a commotion on New Year’s Eve and Day. When I was a kid, I went overseas every once in a while. There was a huge commotion and it was a pain. Even though I was tired and bleary-eyed, the adults where outside drinking and yelling and talking about whether they should kiss the person next to them when the date changed... I wonder if they really did that. It was probably something for a TV show or a movie.”

“I went to the countdown in New York on New Year’s Eve and they were doing it like it was normal. Although, Times Square was certainly in an uproar so there was also the atmosphere of the place adding to it.”

“Seriously!? Americans are amazing! But what do you do if the person next to

you isn't your girlfriend or your family?"

"It looked like it didn't really matter. Although for me, the person next to me was a refined Sister."

"Th-that smug smile. Did you actually do it with a Sister?"

"She wasn't mad. She said that God would forgive her for just that night and smiled."

"Th-that's amazing, you ladykiller."

"And then when I turned to my left..."

"Don't tell me that next was a Buddhist nun or a monk."

"There was a man with a beard dressed in women's clothes with teary eyes as if he were waiting for something."

"Eeee-, th-th-th-th-that complicated smile! You even did it with a brother!?"

"I gently brushed the man's trembling cheek and slowly moved my palm to the back of his head and..."

"Eee, what happened? No, that's okay I don't want to hear. Just tell me how it turned out. When I say how it turned out I don't mean in detail, just tell me yes or no."

"... fixed his wig for him."

"Ah... it was crooked... that was nice of you..."

(1) This is a reference to a parody on Jingle Bells about spending Christmas alone.

The end. Kinda. It's nowhere near the end, but this is the end for this post.

... Conrad. The troll is strong with this one. I've always known he was a total troll, but this was his best troll yet XD

Anyway, I've flipped through the first two chapters of novel 8 as well. The translations really left off right in the middle of the action! To be honest I reallyreallyreallyreally wanna work on chapter 3, but I also want to either hear

back from Lrenne to make sure she isn't already working on it or let enough time pass to confirm MIA status so the next thing on here is probably going to be more of these.

Current Location: [Home!](#)



Current Mood: jubilant

Current Music: World's End by MUCC

Special Short Story: Replay (SSS Re:) 7-13

There are a few spots here where someone says something in English and it's important/interesting that it's a different language so I've underlined those words.

It's kind of weird reading 3rd person POV stories with Yuuri in it. Not because it's usually his POV, but because in some of them his name shows up in the narration written properly in kanji (有利) as opposed to the katakana used in the dialogue (ユーリ). My guess is it's written that way because the people saying it don't speak Japanese and thus pronounce it strangely *or* they're saying the word in their language for July which is what Yuuri's name is supposed to be *or* a combination of both. Just calling attention to this because I'm pretty sure I haven't mentioned it and I haven't seen this mentioned elsewhere and I think it's interesting info~ Not entirely sure why some stories use the kanji and some don't, though...

I put stories with spoilers behind spoilers~ Not so minor this time around, but not huge. If you watched the anime then you kind of already know the spoilers, but it seems like things go down a little different in the novels

Conrad x Yuuri

“It isn’t very impressive to just bring in events from Earth,” Yuuri shrugged his shoulders in place of any preamble. “But I figured it would be okay as long as I left the religion out. Sorry for making you carry stuff. Oh, I’ll carry that bag.” He grabbed the beautifully decorated bag at the top of the stack of boxes that Lord Weller was carrying. The boxes are all wrapped in Christmas-like wrapping according to the orders of the earthling.

“I got the novel everyone is talking about for Günter... I don’t know what it’s about, though.”

“Ah, it’s signed, the book.”

“As for Wolf... here, this! A little swan! He wanted a toy for the bath even though he’s an adult but I thought a ducky was too much.”

“He’ll be happy while also angry.”

“For Gwen I got a new winter knitting set.”

“He’ll definitely be overjoyed after the wrinkles between his eyebrows deepen.”

“I got a baby chick-shaped pillow for Miss Anissina. Isn’t it cute?”

“Yes. Although you can’t ask her to imagine what it will turn into when it gets bigger.”

“The problem is Greta’s present.” Turning his gaze to the dusky sky, Yuuri let out a long sigh. “What should I get? There’s no way an unpopular high school student would know what a girl hitting puberty would want.”

When he talked about girls, Yuuri always got a troubled and embarrassed look on his face. Thinking that Yuuri was actually the one being spoiled as he was trying to spoil the daughter that he had gotten through strange circumstances, Conrad smiled.

“She’ll be happy with anything as long as she knows that Your Majesty chose it.”

“I want the moon!” What do I do if she says that?”

“That seems like it’s something you’ve done.”

Skillfully sidestepping that with a ‘well...’ he returned his gaze to his neighbor.

“Do you want anything?”

“Me?” Caught off guard, Conrad failed to come up with a good answer. “I’m not unselfish enough to be able to say no without a moment’s pause, but... is that something you ask the person directly?”

“That’s how it is in Japan. Children write letters to Santa and the parents read it and leave a present by their child’s pillow during the night.”

“Hm, that’s efficient.”

“Don’t use such a harsh word. I’m talking about parents loving their children and wanting to see them happy. So? What do you want?”

“What does Your Majesty want? Oh, wait,” Conrad asked, sidestepping Yuuri’s question. “Just for now you can’t ask for world peace. Or if it’s something you don’t want to say to me, you can secretly write it in a letter.”

“It’s not about whether it’s a secret or not,” Yuuri said with a serious look as he stopped walking. “I don’t need anything. I’m playing Santa Claus. Santa Claus

doesn't get presents, right? The only ones who can make requests are the people receiving presents. So, Conrad, this is the perfect chance so say it." Lord Weller held his tongue and lowered his head, pretending to think for a little while. And then, his expression brightened and he spoke as if he had just thought of something.

"Maybe turf."

"Huh?"

"I was thinking that I wanted turf for the outfield in the ballpark. There is a type that is strong against the cold, but it's cultivated in a faraway place and the shipping expenses pile up. I thought it was wasteful so I haven't been able to say anything, but since it's Christmas I..."

"Turf!? Conrad, wait a mi-"

"Please give it to me." Lord Weller emphasized his request with a compelling smile. "That would be okay."

It wasn't even a question.

A few days later, bright green turf was spread out across the entire outfield at The Great Demon Kingdom National Baseball Stadium. No one was concerned with its name, but for some reason Yuuri was the only one who wanted to call it something embarrassing like Conrad Green or Lord Weller Field.

Conrad x Yuuri x Wolfram

After Yuuri and Wolfram entered the room, the two of them talked quietly to each other about something and, before the eyes of Conrad who was lying on the couch, they suddenly broke out into a conversation that resembled some sort of theatrical play.

"Um... Now I say hot tea is scaaary... Yuuri, why is hot tea scary? Is it because it's too hot and it burns your tongue?"

"No uh, that's not it. It's like asking for a cup after a meal, kind of."

Well it seems that they've memorized the lines but haven't quite grasped the

content yet.

“And then? Your Majesty, Wolf, will you be performing that play at the year-end party or the New Year’s party?”

“This is for the hidden talent competition... so don’t look, Conrad. Hearing spoilers before the performance will make it boring, won’t it?”

“Understood. Then I’ll look the other way. I’m reading a book anyway. Is this alright?”

They must have been satisfied because they started their practice again.

“I heard that walls have been built around the neighboring castle~.”

“Woow, Coool.”

“Don’t read ahead. And Wolf, the line isn’t ‘coool,’ it’s ‘whoa! A wall!’ Wall!”

“What’s a wall?”

“... A wall,” Conrad interrupted and was met with harsh warnings.

“I told you not to look, Conrad! This is a secret.”

“That’s right, Conrart. This is private!”

“I wasn’t looking.”

“You can’t listen either. Cover your ears too.”

“Okay, okay.”

He covered his face with the book and lightly placed his hands over his ears. Even so, he didn’t even think about leaving the room. Even through his hands, he could still hear their voices.

Shouri + His Friend

[**\[Spoiler \(click to open\)\]**](#)

Hey, good evening.

This is the eldest son of the Shibuya family, Shouri Shibuya.

I was born on Good Couple Day, November 22nd. Sagittarius. Blood-type A. Lately I’ve started to be asked questions like ‘Big Brother, are you a demon too?’ but... (1)

What are you talking about?

My hobbies are reading and collecting figurines. Oh, don’t misunderstand. I say figurines but I’m not talking about those figurines of pretty girls or anything like

that. I collect pets of the world and rare creature series and such. I just can't quit until I get all of the ***Ocean Temple Demon Series***. I was late to start collecting them and now they're treated like antiques. But, I won't stop until I get '***Otoroshi.***' (2)

My talent is, well, it can't be helped if you think that it's studying since I've been accepted into a national university, but I can't really remember ever struggling with studying for tests. Well, in the end I'm just thankful to my parents for giving birth to me with a high ***IQ***.

Actually, my father is the most successful amongst his colleagues at a foreign bank and my mother is an alumnus of Ferris. I myself am currently enrolled in a first-rate university and speaking of that first-rate university, Shintarou Ishihara is among my seniors so I also wish to become someone who will govern over the Tokyo Metropolitan area-no, I must become that person.

You're a citizen of Saitama, though.

Siblings? Ah, now that you mention it, I have one younger brother. One of them is more than enough. He's a stupid younger brother. All he reads are things like ***Baseball Weekly*** and ***Grass-lot Baseball Friends*** and he's a ***muscle-for-brains*** who only looks at the sports page of the newspaper and as an older brother I'm ashamed and disappointed when I think about how I'm related by blood to him. He needs to stop ignoring reality and figure out that he can't make a living off of just loving baseball.

Sundays while he was in elementary school were filled with rounding up people to cheer him on during matches. His position was primarily catcher, but he just never got picked as a regular and he was used mostly for pinch-hitting at the end of the game or as an outfielder. Honestly, just what was the coach thinking? That guy drew out absolutely none his potential... anyway, who cares about siblings. As for myself and sports... I went skiing when I was a kid.

Like in Canada?

That was from before my little brother was born. But, since I've managed to join a club, I'd like to try snowboarding as well. What else? I want to master ***golf*** while I'm still in school. After all, no matter what job I choose, ***golf will be a part of work.***

That's my general self-introduction.

"Shibuya, your introduction is just a liiiittle annoying. It's kind of, intolerable?

You'll never get a date like that no matter how many parties you go to. You'll absolutely never get one by Christmas."

"What? What!? What part!? What part was annoying!? Hey, tell me. Was it the part about my brother? Do girls not like it when you have a bad relationship with your brother?"

"Your family is... is that what you think a bad relationship with your brother is like?"

"Yeah, it's bad. I really hate my little brother. I hate him so much he's the light in my eyes. We have such a bad relationship I figured I'd tease him by getting him a figurine of a Red Sox version of Matsuzaka... Hey, that's really teasing, you know!? I think he'll really hate tha-..." (3)

(1) Good Couple Day is a mnemonic for November 22nd. 11/22 -> 1122 -> ichi ichi fu fu -> ii fuufu -> Good Couple (as in husband and wife). It's one of those sort-of holidays where restaurants and shops have sales for couples.

(2) Otoroshi are demons who hang around the gates at shrines and kill/eat people who enter and don't respect the shrine or are just evil and mucking up the holiness of the place.

(3) Daisuke Matsuzaka was a player on Yuuri's favorite team, the Seibu Lions. He left the Lions to play for the Red Sox.

Greta x Cecilie + α

"Day one! After I got through that military meeting called dinner and got back to my room, there was this really pritty girl waiting on my bed! I got confused and rushed out to call for Conrad!

"According to Conrad, that pritty girl was a 'high-class prosstitoot' and someone

who kept rich men company for a living. I'm not very popular, so everyone in the castle got together and called her for me! But sadly I don't have enough guts to sleep with a 'prostitoot' so I had her go home for the night!

"Day seven! I got dragged out by Josak who just got back to the kingdom for the first time in a while and I ended up being taken out for a night on the town! Josak, who is used to playing around at night, brought me to a place like a bar where a lot of pretty ladies were!

"I can't drink alcohol so I watched the show while drinking juice then the ladies said I was cute and started to touch me! It was then that I finally realized it: the ladies were all guys! Shooock! They thought that since I didn't sleep with the 'prostitoot' I liked guys so Josak took me to this place!

"I absolutely do not like guys!

"Day eight! Yesterday Conrad was suuuper angry! He said that 'Your Majesty is a healthy sixteen year old so everyone was just doing their best to take care of you!' But, when I said it wasn't necessary, he said 'That's right, huh?' and got a little bit less angry!

"I'm a baseball brat that channels 'sekshual desire' into sports so I spent the whole day playing catch with Conrad! And then, Günter came after having heard about it all from somewhere and yelled 'Let me be the one to dispel Your Majesty's 'sekshual desires!'" and threw a ball at me!

"Before I knew it, a bunch of soldiers from all over the castle came running yelling 'We need to help with dispelling His Majesty's 'sekshual desires'!' and started playing baseball! Next year they're apparently going to have the very first 'Sekshual Desire Dispelling Cup!'

"... I kind of feel like locking myself up somewhere..."

"Wonderful! Wonderful! You're really good at reading, Greta. The parts with His Majesty's feelings were so like him my heart sped up! Ah, but a father's diary always brings smiles no matter what age. When I was young, I read my father's diary in front of my mother. Ahaha, during the part where my father wrote a poem to his lover, my mother was so moved she cried. But, it turns out that that was the reason that the two of them separated two years later."

"Hey Wolf, have you seen my diary? I've been looking for it since yesterday, but I

can't find it anywhere."

"Which diary did you lose? 1: the gold diary. 2: the worldly desires diary. 3: the everyone-can-do-it diary with the bear cub stamp. 4: the diary of the seven robbed guys and big brother."

"N-number three. Three."

"Greta had that one. She was going to use it for her general reading practice. Just a while ago she went to go read it to Mothe-... Hey, what's wrong, Yuuri? They're just reading your diary. In the first place diaries are meant to be written with the expectation that people are going to read them, aren't they?"

Yuuri x Wolfram x Conrad x Günter

Life is a grab bag of luck, Yuu-chan. You don't know what's inside, what colors are inside, or whether it will look good on you until you open it. Lately there are some stores who let you look inside before you buy it, but Mama thinks that's heresy. It's not right for grab bags. Is the not-knowing what's inside that makes grab bags so exciting? Even if a scarf in an unflattering color comes out of it? Even if a dreadful miniskirt comes out? Even if...

"... that's what my mom said. She was acting like she was on the set of Forrest Gump with her 'life's like a box of chocolates,' but in reality she had just lost the New Year's lucky grab bag war and ended up with a bad bag... Hey now, why is there a sign on this room saying 'Lucky Bag Assembly In Progress Do Not Enter'? Demons have lucky grab bags too...?"

"We've had them for quite a while, lucky bags. We absolutely can't let uninvolved people see them being made so the process is generally not exposed much," Conrad explained.

"Ah, that's part of the system my mother supports about the inside of the bag being a mystery, huh? Well I guess that's true. If you find out what's inside you won't be as interested in buying it."

"What are you talking about, Yuuri? Lucky bags are things you excitedly open

and immerse yourself in nostalgia, not something that's bought and sold in a store," Wolfram said.

"Huh? Then where do you get them? In the mail?"

"You don't know how lucky bags are made!? This is why they say box-separating sons without common sense are useless."

"Box separating... what am I, a package getting shipped around?"

"Stop, Wolfram. His Majesty grew up in a different environment than we did. It's not unreasonable for him to not know. Your Majesty, lucky bags in The Great Demon Kingdom are containers that you put important things into and secretly bury in the ground in the middle of the night," Günter said.

"If you... bury it does something good happen? Does it sprout up into a flower with magic or something?"

"There's no way that a phenomenon that disregarded botany like that would happen. If any kind of flower blooms it would be when everyone gets together a hundred years later to open the lid. They say that a lot, don't they? That flowers grow from memories?"

"Wait, Wolf. That sounds a bit different than a lucky bag..."

"That reminds me, I feel like it's almost the time to open the lucky bag that Gwendal buried when he was a child," Günter said.

"Yeah, I heard that Anissina had already gone and opened it on her own. Josak said she was disappointed because it was filled with dog and cat collars for some reason."

"Hey yeah, that's not a lucky bag..."

"What!? She opened Brother's keepsakes in front of Gurrier!?"

"Um, like I said, isn't that just a normal time capsule... Wh-whatever! Time capsule, lucky bag, whatever! That aside, this room is where you're making lucky bags? What did everyone put in theirs? Let's see, Wolf's is... Huh? It's empty."

"That's because what's important to me is love and friendship. They aren't things you can stuff into a box or a bag."

"Wow, you said something kind of cool. You said something that's only okay because you're an orthodox pretty boy! C-Conrad, what are you going to put in yours? A cold joke to calm down the place?"

"A cold joke? Of course not. Hot, cool and witty conversation isn't something you leave behind written down. The spur-of-the-moment part is important."

“... Wow. So those jokes were overflowing with wit. Oh, but yours is empty too. Are you the type who thinks memories can’t be left behind in a physical form, too?”

“In my case, what’s most important to me is to step aside and watch over growth and to admire.”

“Ah, then you can’t bury that in the ground. You have to get a potted plant that you can keep in your room.”

“A potted plant...”

“What about Günter? What did you put in your lucky bag?”

“Unlike everyone else, I put in a lot of things. So much there was too much to choose from. Look, Your Majesty’s small portrait, Your Majesty’s personal scrawlings, Your Majesty’s drooled upon pillow, and then there’s Your Majesty’s hair, Your Majesty’s hand mirror with fingerprints, Your Majesty’s used hand towel and toothbrush. Ah, this is the piece of slate that Your Majesty scraped your knee on and blood happened to get on...”

“It’s kind of turning into a bag of evidence from a crime scene...”

Anissina x Gwendal

“Alright, Gwendal. On this day heading straight to the height of winter, I have reached a new level in magic-powered inventions and did a little research into the annual event called ‘Balentine’ from the land where His Majesty was raised.”

“What is that ‘Balentine’ thing? The name of a temple?” (1)

“Of course not. The proper name is ‘Don’t say that, it’s Balentines Day.’ His Majesty calls this ‘cocao.’”

“... Cocao...”

“They take the powder from berries from a shrub called a ‘caco’ plant and turn it into a granulated confection...” (2)

“Food... ugh, it’s bitter. Is it poison!? Have I been poisoned again!?”

“How rude. As if Poison Lady Anissina would use such a humdrum poison that you would instantly realize what it was the moment you put it into your mouth. It is not something bad for your body. That bitterness is the Balentine flavor.”

Well wait, even though it is food, this is not the way to use it. Balentine personal trophy, come on!"

"... Personal trophy... Hey, hey hey wait wait. That animal horn – or thorn, those hooves, those round eyes, is that the beast that shows up in girl's dreams? A unicorn?"

"Yes, it is an uni. For all intents and purposes, they have multiplied too much and they are pests that lay waste to plantations."

"This is the first time I've seen a real one. It really has a lot of thorns... horns."

"Because it is an uni." (3)

"It looks like there's a lot of brain matter inside."

"Because it is an uni. Now step back, Gwendal! This is not the time to be entranced. Now we need to throw these granulated 'caco' beans at the uni for the Balentine ceremony! And mercilessly at that!"

"What!? There's really a ceremony like that!? Wait! Wait, Anissina!"

"Gweendaal, what are you doing in the corner?"

"*rustlerustle*... I-I will not forgive any evil person who would torment small creatures! Um, *rustlerustle*... I-I'm the strict, middle-aged warrior, Gwe Dal!"

"... Oh my. Gwendal, you really are *just* like your mother. But anyway, I have always thought you were incredibly slow at changing, but to have this much difficulty in putting on those scant clothes, what sort of horrible skil-." (to be continued)

(1) Balentine here is written in kanji (馬連太院) which is a mashup for the pronunciation of Valentine to show that Anissina doesn't really know what it is and is pronouncing it wrong. The reason why Gwendal asked if it was the name of a temple is because the kanji mean 'rubbing pad grand temple.'

(2) In the original Japanese, Anissina had misheard cocoa as 'edokko' which is a person who was born and raised in Edo, the old name for Tokyo. She misheard the plant name as 'okaka' which is a type of chopped up fish.

(3) Uni are sea urchins.

Murata x Yuuri

[Spoiler \(click to open\)](#)

“How about Las Vegas?”

“Huh?” Shibuya answered with bloodshot eyes and a gloomy voice as he took one of my french fries. He quickly dips it into the onion dip. All while saying he doesn’t eat french fries after I asked him ‘what about the sauce?’

“Okay, okay, you’re in a bad mood because you didn’t get enough sleep.”

“That’s not it.”

The reason he was in a bad mood wasn’t only because he didn’t get enough sleep. He was disappointed in his test scores.

As soon as the last of the final exams was over, Shibuya called me. From a friend’s cellphone.

When he couldn’t get to a payphone, he sometimes did that sort of thing.

Thanks to that, the email and phone number of that classmate could always be found in my phone’s call history without fail. In other words, my phone number was also in the other phone’s call history several times.

“This is bad! If things go like this I’ll be held back a year!” he yelled in a panic. I had brought him out to the station to have an intervention by telling him that there was something in this world called a make-up exam system to resurrect the defeated.

Coincidentally, my academic year had mostly ended last week. Compared to public schools, the schedule at private schools is faster.

“You can’t blame me. I tutored you properly before the exams and even offered my room to you yesterday because you said your brother kept on butting in at home and you couldn’t study. Despite that, what exactly did you do all night?”

“... Well your room is... too jam-packed with things.”

“To think that you were so weak against temptation.”

Shibuya groaned while lying prostrate on the table. He had spent all night entrenched in a new game console.

“You weren’t like that before, right? Wasn’t your room more suitable for studying for exams before?”

“I got a little bothered by that and tried rearranging. I cleared my mind, too.”

“Even so.”

“Anyway, what about Las Vegas?”

“What are you talking about? And what’s up with you? Why are you saying carefree things like ‘how’s Vegas?’ with all of these Rurubu and Mapple travel pamphlets piled up in front of you!?” (1)

“The graduation trip.”

As soon as he heard those three words, Shibuya suddenly picked up his head. I can no longer see the whorl of hair on his head that was in plain view a moment ago.

“Huh!? The graduation trip!?”

“You don’t need to freak out so much. Don’t you have a passport? You can have Elvis sing you Love Me Tender in Vegas, you know. He’ll be an impersonator, though.”

“Wait a minute, Murata. Your school has a graduation trip at the end of the first year!? You don’t go through second and third year before that or take any exams or do any job hunting!? Or are you forming travel plans for a trip two years from now?”

Planning events is the most fun part. Having my fun get rained on, my voice turned a little disgruntled.

“Alright then, the end of the year trip is okay too.”

“Like I was saying, I don’t even know if I can even pass this grade!”

“It’s alright.”

‘How!?’ he mouthed.

It seems like he’s trying to say that my response sounded so irresponsible it took his voice away.

“Because you always have low self-esteem. But anyway, there are Bengal tigers there. You can see them 24 hours a day.”

“I don’t care about tigers. Forgetting that, how can you say that so decisively. It’s a test / took.”

Ignoring the picture in the guidebook, Shibuya leaned forward on the table. Right now, he might start asking God for an explanation even just for drawing a lucky fortune at a temple lottery.”

“Whatever you say, you’ll still pass. It’s just that you’re only focusing on the

questions you couldn't answer so you don't realize how many you just got right. You at least got enough to scrape together a passing grade."

"R-really?"

"That's what I think. Okay, so assuming I have airfare, I can just earn hotel fare and money for souvenirs over there. I'll definitely win at blackjack. That game is all about probability, after all."

"Aren't minors not allowed to gamble?"

"Oh, that's right. Shame. Then it's Switzerland. You and I were the only ones who didn't get to go last time. Ah, it's okay even if you don't get a part-time job. For the time being, I'll handle travel expenses."

"Wait!" Shibuya slapped his hand down on the table so hard the iced coffee almost bounced in the air. "Why are you talking about travelling all of a sudden? Because it's spring? Because it's the season? Or because you saw it on TV? You, did you write down overseas travel as a hobby!?"

I went too far. These emotions are hard to handle. If you don't know them then you won't want or yearn for them, but once you do, you can never let them go. Your biggest fear becomes being alone again. Friendship is like the drugs that that woman drowned in after losing everything trying to grab a hold of her dreams.

"... Was that too much?"

For the slightest moment, he almost asked what I meant. But, he immediately returned to his usual, honest expression.

"That's not it. It's really too much for you to take care of the travel expenses."

And then, after finally seeming to have calmed down, he spoke while taking a printout of the exam questions out of his bag and spread it out in between the guidebooks.

"Okay, let's go. Let's go somewhere. However, the schedule and departure are going to be after the make-up exams. And, our destination should be Izu or Hakone or somewhere a little easier for a first-year in high school to get to."

"Huh? I won't say anything bad about Izu or Hakone, but aren't places like that better for when you're older? We should go to Switzerland. *Switzerland*. Look, the Lion of Lucerne. And look, Matterhorn. It'll help you get a passing mark on your history make-up." I tap the bundle of pamphlets with my finger and try saying something like from a commercial. "Isn't it faster to just go see?"

“... You know, Murata,” Yuuri says after taking the cap off of his red pen and putting it back on again in a meaningless gesture and sinking down into the prostrate position on the table he started out in. “What I’m worried about is math.”

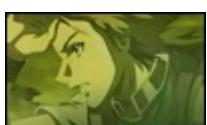
I wonder if I bought a guidebook for Greece.

(1) Rurubu and Mapple are travel agencies.

... Two of these stories were really kind of scandalous XD Anyway, there are four more pages of these. The third to last story is one with Adalbert and Maxine so I'm really interested in that one. Also, still haven't heard from Lrenne so I'm going to just start on chapter 3~

Tags: [kkm translation](#), [misc kkm](#)

Current Location: [Home!](#)



Current Mood: hopeful

Current Music: World's End by MUCC

Special Short Story: Replay (SSS Re:) 14-End

Günter makes strange noises.

The spoiler story is behind a spoiler. It's an interesting spoiler about Saralegi that might be missed if you read through it, but still a spoiler. I also once again underlined important/interesting English words~

Murata x Yuuri

Shibuya's been going on about tickets for the opening game and in the meantime I was staring at the steel can in his hand worrying about the coffee inside getting cold. We were walking along a river bank at sunset on a spring day. Nearby were cherry blossom trees that had not yet bloomed and I suddenly speak as if I have just noticed them.

"That reminds me, Shibuya."

"Hm?"

"Wasn't there was a really awesome cherry blossom tree by the school gate?"

"Yeah, yeah there was. It was hundreds of years old. But hundreds of years old is kind of like 'what's this JARO that these young whippersnappers are talking about?'" (1)

But it was amazing when it was in full bloom. One tree caused a flurry of cherry blossoms and if Touyama no Kin-san appeared beneath it, he would praise the sight in his own way. (2)

"Shibuya, do you know what's under the cherry blossom trees?"

After asking this whimsical question, he turned around and gave a short answer.

"The ground?"

"No, no, farther down in the ground."

"The roots. They're such big trees so it's a given that there are sturdy roots packed together under the ground."

“... No, that’s not it... Alright then, why do you think that they can bloom so spectacularly?”

And then you answered while nodding without even giving yourself enough time to think about it properly.

“Well, you know, hard work.”

“Huh?”

“Plants are secretly working hard. They’re sucking up water and photosynthesizing. And on top of that, they’re making oxygen for us. They’re working hard in summer and winter, on rainy days and snowy days and cloudy days and then when spring comes they make their flowers bloom.”

“Hard work...”

“Yeah, hard work. You can’t really see it though. They say it a lot, don’t they? That ducks that swim gracefully in the water are kicking their legs around frantically in the water. Ah, and the principal that does maintenance in secret is admirable as well. Although, his speeches at the morning assembly are long and boring. When I enrolled...”

I had even forgotten to correct him and say that it was swans not ducks as I watched my friend speak with an animated expression. I just watched with a smile.

(1) This was a joke on the old style of saying the word for ‘to be/is’ in Japanese ‘daro(u)’ which is jaro(u) and that sounds like JARO which is the Japanese Advertising Review Organization. The original was ‘JARO tte nan jaro?’ or what’s JARO?

(2) Touyama no Kin-san is a character based on a samurai and member of the Tokugawa Shogunate called Touyama Kagemoto. He had a tattoo of cherry blossom trees on his shoulder.

“Mufuu~”

“Oh? How are you, Your Excellency Günter? You seem to be in good spirits.”

“Ah, Gisela. You came back. Don’t call me Your Excellency. You’re my adopted daughter... h-how’s it going, Gisela? Did I sound like His Majesty just now!?”

“Yes you did, Your Excellency. I also got goosebumps from how creepy it was. By the way, what is this modern *Romero and Argent* look?”

“Oh right. To tell you the truth, Gisela, I was recently chosen as ‘The Great Demon Kingdom’s Most Popular Demon!’ Here look, this is the notification. I am going to read it, alright? ‘Congratulations, Your Excellency Günter von Christ! You were chosen as The Great Demon Kingdom’s Most Popular Demon!’ Do you understand, Gisela? The most popular. Most. In other words that means that I have the best appeal of all the demons.”

“Well, Your Excellency, or rather Father, that’s wonderful. Those days you spent leaking everywhere have garnered you a high rating.”

“Yes, that is right. I do leak and drip. If it is for His Majesty then I, Günter, shall even drip rainbow-colored juice.”

“That means that Your Excellency’s extravagant respect and affection that you bestow upon His Majesty has finally been acknowledged... by society.”

“Oooo, I believed that the day it would be acknowledged would come.”

“Nothing will ever come of it, though.”

“And so I had a thought. If I am the most popular demon, then public organizations across the kingdom will send me requests one after the other. So in order to not be panicked at the time, I thought I would start to mentally prepare myself now... see?”

“See what?”

“How is this pose? This... This form that offers my body and self to His Majesty the True King.”

“I think it is very beautiful. It’s very theatrical and exaggerated. However, it might be a bit too steeped in artistic quality and for a boorish soldier like myself it feels a little ‘eugh.’”

“What? Ah, you mean Blood Pledge Castle. I see, I see. I look like Mister Blood Pledge Castle! Mufuu~ I am happy to hear such praise. Ah, incidentally ‘Mister’ is a word from the world His Majesty was raised in that means Mr. Nagashima.

“Hmm, yes. I am the so-called Mr. Nagashima Blood Pledge Castle? It has a vague metropolitan feel to it, does it not?” (1)

“Metropolitan... Well of course. This is the capital city of The Great Demon Kingdom.”

“Mufuu~ How would this pose be for soldier recruitment advertisements? The catch phrase will be ‘Welcome, you will gain confidence in life.’ Ah, by the way ‘catch phrase’ means catch and-”

“If I might say something, Your Excellency. That catch phrase that just sliiiightly saps the energy out of you would affect the morale of us soldiers. How about you use that for publicity for the diary you have in your hand?”

“Diary? Did you say diary? Ah, this is not a love diary. This is, mufuu, a heart-moving work called ‘Winter and so on’ detailing the pure love between myself and His Majesty. Muhaa~”

“Your Excellency? Your snorting is, no, breathing is wild, Your Excellency. What’s wrong!?”

“That being said, this new work is complete delusio-mufuu~. Plans for a play have already been brought to m-muhaa. The leading actor will be Lord Yong, Cho Yong-pil muhoo!” (2)

“Your Excellency? Your Excellency? Oh no, red juice is coming out of your left nostril. Medic! Medic! Ugh, you damn idiots! If you don’t come here by the time I count to three, I’ll Aso Punch your faces in until your chins become your asses! One! Two! Three! Here it comes! Aso PUNCH!” (3)

“Waaah... Even though I’m getting punched I’m sorry for being late, Sergeant. Ouch.”

“You’re in pain just from that, you damn coward? Forget that and look. His Excellency is leaking profusely. Hurry up and bring him to his room.”

“Muhaa, mufuu, muhee, muhooo.”

“Oh no, he left out ‘hii.’ Hurry and pick him up!” (4)

“This is insane, Sergeant! The juice His Excellency Günter is leaking is gushing out and leaking all over my back!”

“What!? Gushing juice!? Ugh, has it started to come out of somewhere besides his nose? That’s amazing, Your Excellency. No matter how many leaks you have it doesn’t affect you. That’s why extra sauce in meals in town is called ‘Gün-size’... Moron, figure out where it’s leaking from immediately!”

"From where? Aw, I don't even want to know!"

"Damn that Poison Lady. It's obvious she's made him inhale some sort of bad fumes again. Hurry up and bring His Excellency to his room. Hm? What's this...? 'Congratulations. You have been chosen as The Great Demon Kingdom's Most Juicy Demon'... So it wasn't most popular, it was most juicy... 'Therefore, simply by sending a small sum to the address written below, you'll receive an entry into a large, cash lottery'... And it's a foreign lottery scam letter!?"

"Mufuu muhee, by the way Gisela, have you eaten lunch yet...?"

(1) Shigeo Nagashima was a player for the Yomiuri Giants for 16 years and then was a manager for one five year stint and an 8 year one ending in 2001. He won all sorts of awards and is in the Japanese Baseball Hall of Fame. He had nicknames like 'Mister Giants' and 'Mister Pro Baseball' but they all ended up getting shortened to 'Mister' which is what Günter is talking about.

(2) Cho Yong-pil is a famous and influential Kpop singer. He was most popular in the 70's and 80's although last year he released a #1 ranked album.

(3) I'm not entirely sure what Aso Punch is, but when I search for it a whole bunch of stuff on Gisela pops up so it might be something she just made up o.o

(4) The equivalent of an alphabetical order in Japanese goes a i u e o, ka ki ku ke ko, *etc.* So, the weird noises Günter was making left out the muhii~ which was the only other noise he could have made like that XD

..~

Josak & Gwendal

Infiltration and intelligence gathering work is much less exciting than what outsiders think. Just by hearing 'intelligence gathering,' His Majesty, unfamiliar

with the work, exclaimed:

‘Spy? Like 007 and *Mission Impossible!*?’

Those black eyes sparkled, but the job was actually more grim than spry. With a job like that, he might have thought many times that it would be more fun to be a guinea pig for Miss Anissina. (1)

And yet, hunting for the rare super-important classified information, today I am once again wearing servant’s clothes wandering... no, searching around the castle. With a broom in one hand and a bucket in the other. So, it was surprising to hear unfamiliar words coming out of the taciturn Lord von Voltaire’s room that you couldn’t usually hear people speaking in.

“... fufu... I’m not letting you go tonight, little kitten...”

It was so shocking even my underwear slipped out of place.

There’s no way that that His Stuffy Excellency Gwendal brought a lady into his room! And on top of that, he’s coaxing her into bed with that voice so nice it’s a waste! And then ‘I’m not letting you go’ and then ‘little kitten.’ To put it simply, it’s impossible! But disregarding my trembling, His Excellency’s sexy talk continued. This time in a soft voice.

“Since fate has brought you to me, I’m going to adore you until you beg me to stop~. I’m going to spoil you as much as I want, my little kitten... What? Do you want something? Ohh, how cute~. Kitty, kitty, you wanna dwink some goat milk warmed by my skin?”

Little kitty?

What the hell, Your Excellency Eldest Son!? Is this what it means when they say like parent, like child? Not just the second son, but you’ve inherited your mother’s ability as well!? I absolutely have to tell Lady von Karbelnikoff about this. No, wait. Showing her the situation in person would be much more embarrassing than submitting a written report... there’s definitely going to be some persuasive power in that.

Honestly, this is why I can’t stop playing the ‘a servant saw it!’ game.

(1) This was a pun on how the English word ‘spy’ in kana (supai) sounds like the word for ‘sour’ (suppai). And then, a way to say ‘grim’ or ‘distasteful’ in Japanese

is also the word for salty (shoppai). So, the original Japanese sentence read as ‘... the job was actually more salty than sour.’

Josak x Yuuri

“War preparation. It’s war preparation.”

With the same hand that he used to brush his hair back, Josak unbuttoned his front.

“War preparation... Eh, no way, Gurrier...”

“Huh, what is it, Young Master? Why are you looking away?”

“Well, because normally you wouldn’t think you didn’t have any on, right!?”

“You’re the one who said you wanted to see, Young Master. Miss Gurrier is going to be hurt~.”

With a firm hand contrary to his words, he grabbed Yuuri by the scruff of the neck as he tried to run away.

“Let go, Josak! I don’t want to see that! I don’t want to see! What I wanted to see wasn’t the real thing but the underwear! The underwear!”

“Like I said, I’ll show you. Please don’t be modest.”

“Stooooop!”

“Well then, you could also just put it between this cloth and my hips, you know. Hm?”

“Even if there’s a banana in the sack you don’t put pants on without underwear!” Yuuri yelled after somehow getting out of the bodyguard’s grip. His shoulders were heaving. “You told me you weren’t wearing noble underwear or commoner underwear but military underwear and I said that I just wanted to see what that looked like! B-b-but seeing something like that wouldn’t just be damaging, it’s downright traumatic!”

Josak arranged his front with a disappointed look and covered up his navel and the skin below. He clicked his tongue in a rude way in front of his master.

“And what exactly had you imagined?”

At that, the young lord’s eyes wandered about and he scratched his head in an embarrassed way.

“Well, I... women’s clothes are part of your arsenal so I thought it might be a bit girlier...”

“Oh, then you imagined a Gurrier in ladies’ underwear, didn’t you!? Wow, Young Master, you chubby pervert!”

“At least say ‘closet pervert’ instead...”

“I’ll give you a straightforward answer.”

Deceived by his tone of voice, Yuuri’s face unconsciously turns serious. However, the topic of the conversation was, in fact, underwear.

“It’s war preparation.”

“Y-you’re going to fight?”

“Exactly. Low-ranked soldiers like us are on the front lines a lot. We never know when we’re going to leave this world. Therefore, if we luckily survive, getting to see your wife or your desired partner, if only for a little while, is a life and death matter. We have to risk our lives to court them. So we’re always in war preparation. If we have the opportunity, we go right into courtship. In times like those, unfashionable underwear would just get in the way.”

“W-whoa.”

It was a joke, of course. But this sixteen year old who was unfamiliar with the lives of soldiers didn’t know enough to doubt it.

“Also, in order to take care of our business easier, we leave out as much clothing as possible. We have to finish as quickly as possible. Think about it. It takes time to pull down your underwear and I don’t want to get stabbed from behind in the meantime.”

“Eee~”

“On top of all that, if you happened across an enemy, having to fight them with your underwear down is stupid... What’s wrong, Young Master? Your Majesty?”

“Gurrier.” With a slightly bad pallor, Yuuri looked up and placed both of his hands on Josak’s shoulders. “You don’t have to worry about that anymore.”

“... Huh?”

“I won’t make you have to deal with life and death bathroom breaks on the battlefield and... um, well making love right when you meet anymore. I’ll work hard to make sure we don’t go to war with any other countries.”

To think he got so serious just talking about men’s underwear.

“But wearing underwear is better. You know, thinking from a hygiene

perspective! Right?”

After having his hand squeezed and being preached to like that, all Josak could do was nod slack-jawed.

He can’t say it. He absolutely can’t tell this naïve king that not wearing underwear was only his individual preference.

..~

Adalbert x Maxine

[\[Spoiler \(click to open\)\]](#)

“You’re not dead yet.”

As he said that while tracing the rim of his glass with his finger, the man sitting across from him made a strange face for just a second. His eyes looked like they were staring at a child who had thrown a groundless accusation at him.

Perhaps because of the alcohol he has been drinking continuously for some time, the area around the cut on his cheek is starting to turn red.

“... Well, if I’m sitting here drinking alcohol then, barring this being a wild delusion of yours, I am not dead yet. Hey, shopkeep. Hey!”

And then he turns his head toward the hustle and bustle in the place and starts ordering food of all things from the middle-aged man that came running forward.

“Hey, shopkeep, over here, over here. What’s this fried uwaraba? Is it something famous in this area?”

All things considered, why exactly is this man directly calling out to the shopkeep or the proprietress instead of to the waiters walking about? Maybe he wants to create a disparity between himself and the other customers around and assert himself as an honored guest to the owner? In a remote town like this and in a

tiny store like this?

Adalbert placed both elbows on the table and murmured while blowing out breath reeking of alcohol.

“... The only thing I can say is that he’s stupid.”

“Who is? Who’s stupid!?”

Maxine picked that up with his sharp ears and forced his narrow eyes open wide. His ponytail swayed behind him.

Nigel Wise Maxine was the originator of the strange hairstyle popular in Small Shimaron, but that fact isn’t very well known.

“You, Nigel.”

“H-how rude! Certainly from your... you demons’ perspective, we humans have short lives, but there’s the theory that our growth and accomplishments come accordingly faster so our brain development is further along than a demon of the same age...”

The man Adalbert had an inseparable relationship with despite being of a different race became talkative once he got alcohol in him.

On the other hand, if *he* drank a little no one could tell. No one could tell at all. No one could tell even a little bit. He was always calm and collected... is what only Adalbert thought.

“So then just how long have you not died?”

“... Died? If you’re going to ask that way then I haven’t died for about 32 years...”

“32 years.”

Even so, that falls far short of a demon’s life expectancy.

He knew that humans were a short-lived people. However, since he looked older every time he met him, he had thought that he was already of a considerable age.

“I’d thought you just wouldn’t die, but it doesn’t seem like you have any special longevity.”

“Longevity? Did you say longevity? There’s another rude thing to say! For us Small Shimaron soldiers, wishing for a long life is a disgraceful idea!”

“Huh?”

The cup Adalbert was holding slipped out of his grasp. Luckily, it was only just above the table so the only thing that happened is that it made a dull clunk.

Maxine stroked his meticulously trimmed beard with his thumb and index finger

and continued talking proudly with his chest thrust forward.

“Serving our master even if we risk our lives is the way of a soldier. If we are concerned about our lives, we cannot protect our master or defend our country. Especially for myself... in my case, the wonderful being, His Majesty Saralegi, is my master. If it is him, he will save Small Shimaron from Big Shimaron’s shadow and lead us to be the rulers of the world as a superior existence! If it is for His Majesty Saralegi, this tiny life is insignificant! Oh, he is still His Highness, not His Majesty, though.”

Who knows whether he’s drunk on alcohol or himself...

As if he got caught up in the conversation, Adalbert strokes his own beard and his eyes drifted over his companion’s shoulder to gaze at the rest of the bar. The soldiers who are said to not want to live long are still alive and the women and children who were supposed to live much longer die.

The world is heartless and absurd.

If all of this is also the opinion of His Majesty the True King, then the True King is no different than a cruel god.

“... In other words, for generations we the Maxine family have died in battle in the service of our masters and that is something we are proud of. The previous generation was at sea, the generation before that on a river, the one before that was out at sea on the way from what is now Big Shimaron to a solitary island...”

“Wait. Your ancestors are from Big Shimaron?”

“Hm? Well back then it wasn’t as cleanly separated as it is now.”

“Huh.”

When he first saw him, he had thought he was some country bumpkin from somewhere.

“For that reason, as a son of the Maxine family, I should not wish for peace, health or perpetual youth and longevity and should instead become His Majesty Saralegi’s sword and shield in battle and fall magnificently. So this way, in this way...”

Maxine rifled around in his traveling clothes bag and pulled out an almost crumpled up piece of paper.

“As proof of my resolution, I keep a will on my person.”

“A will...”

There was a single sentence like a farewell poem and a list distributing his

belongings on the yellowed piece of paper.

“If I die, my inheritance will be divided equally to the people listed below. Wife’s name... blank. Child(ren)’s name(s)... blank... Y-you don’t have a wife or children yet so... there is such a thing as being too prepared.”

For some reason, his eyes were getting hot. So there was a life as systematic and empty as this one.

“What are you saying? A will is part of a soldier’s dress code. You don’t carry one? Or do demon warriors not have a beautiful custom such as this? All Small Shimaron soldiers have one on their body.”

“All of them...!? Young and old all have that as standard equipment? So then if a young soldier didn’t have one of them and died and he didn’t have a will registered, do you make fun of him as someone who wasn’t prepared to die?”

“Of course not.” Maxine suddenly turned serious and drained the last bit of alcohol from the bottom of his glass. “As if we would make fun of him. We would just be even more saddened.”

He silently puts the large, empty glass back down on the greasy table.

“That soldier would not have intended to die in battle. All that would happen is that we would know that he intended to live longer for his country or for himself and his family and return home.”

He intended to return home to someone.

“If someone who was supposed to live dies, it will only deepen everyone’s sorrow.”

The man from Small Shimaron heaves a long sigh and a few beats later calls out to the shopkeep again. In order to complain that the food he ordered hadn’t come yet.

“I haven’t gotten the fried uwaraba yet! Surely you’re not going out to go harvest some are you? A cheap and lowly bar like this has got some nerve making a soldier of Small Shimaron wait!”

“... Tch, you’re a small man as always.”

Tired of Maxine’s narrow-mindedness, Adalbert lifted the right corner of his mouth that had unconsciously turned into a frown.

At first glance, the pair looked like a tough travelling man and a companion he got along with drunkenly laughing.

“Nigel. Hey, Nigel. Forget it. It’s just food. It’ll come eventually. Alcohol is more

important. Bring us alcohol first!"

If he drank a little no one could tell. No one could tell at all. No one could tell even a little bit. So even now he was absolutely not drunk... is what only Adalbert thought.

However, the cold soul deep inside of the inner part of his chest felt like it had melted a little. It was almost as if warm alcohol was poured upon it.

That's right. She had intended to live.

..~

Yuuri x Wolfram x Conrad

"Are you listening? Do not open it." Wolfram gave him a stern look as he showed him a box that fit on the palm of his hand. "Normally I would carefully store this away, but a situation has arisen and I have to leave it in your room. No one can see what's inside. Okay? No matter what happens, do not open the lid. Are you listening, Yuuri!?"

"I'm listening."

Even while he said that, Yuuri's attention was completely focused on the box. It was a plain wooden box, but there was a wing motif carved on the charming brown lid. It was closed tightly without a gap, but there wasn't any lock on it. If it's something he absolutely can't show to anyone, just what is inside?

"I have things to do so I'm leaving it alone."

"Okay."

"It's an important object that I had specially made so really don't open it, okay?"

"Okay, okay. Ah, is there anything else I should know? Like don't give it water or don't leave it in the sun... Wolf?"

By the time he had lifted his head, Wolfram was already gone.

Yuuri hummed to himself for a bit with his arms folded as the small box sat in

front of him on the desk. Why doesn't it have a lock if it's so important? At the very least it doesn't seem to be alive and it won't move or make noise if he stared at it. Even when he places his hand on the ornamental carvings, he can feel no tremors on the surface. Yuuri gently picks it up and softly shakes it so it won't open.

“... It's clunking...”

It made a sound like something hard hitting something.

Something that would trouble him if someone saw it. An important and specially made item. Furthermore, it's in a wooden box small enough to place on a palm... Ah! Suddenly remembering the bathroom at his grandfather's house, Yuuri gives a big nod to himself.

“Made to order dentures!”

That's true, isn't it? Even though he looks cute, Wolf is already 82 years old. He would order a pair of dentures or two.

“But if people find out he's using dentures, then his image as a pretty boy would go down the drain. That's why it would trouble him if other people knew. Ah, so pretty people have their own problems too.”

And with that, his attention turned away from the box and he slovenly lied down on the couch and started to read *The Great Demon Kingdom's Daily Report*.

“I left the box as told, but Yuuri isn't trying to open it!?”

In the meantime, Wolfram was tormenting the person who had lent him his wisdom.

“Didn't you say that if I explained it like that he wouldn't be able to not open it!? I was looking through a crack in the door because I wanted to see the look of surprise on his face!”

“Like I said. You should have just handed it over normally. Even His Majesty will be honestly happy if he receives a gift on his birthday.”

“I don't want to do it normally. I wanted it to be a surprise. A surprise!”

Lord Weller fidgeted uncomfortably with his collar as his brother vented his frustrations on him. He didn't know if his little brother was angry or sad.

“But anyway, it's strange. When you were sixteen you fell for this plan completely.”

“D-don’t say I fell for it!”

Happy Birthday Dear Yuuri!

“Look forward to your birthday this year.” Everyone says that but...

A friend said, “I read through the baseball rule book carefully for you. “In order to talk with you. Right now I’m sort of a professor of baseball. Ask me anything. I’ll know what a fielder’s choice and an infield fly is, you know?”

Another friend said, “I planted a tree for you.

“It’s a tree that blooms amazing and colorful flowers. If you let it be, it’ll grow as big as a dragon and want food and start walking around at night.”

“W-why such a scary tree...”

“What? You always use that rod-shaped weapon, right? The wood from that tree was the closest to that material.”

My sibling said, “Since you’ve added another unnecessary year to your age,” and handed me a video game.

“Learn urban planning, building administration, and farm management by the end of the day. Until yesterday you were just a single citizen, but now that your birthday has passed you acquired the skills to be a great mayor. Oh my, have you grown!”

My mother said, “I thought I would give this to you when you turned sixteen,” and pulled out a thick book with her special smile. I-is it an album jam-packed with embarrassing photos of when I was a child!? It’s finally come. The present I’ve been dreading! Wh-wh-wh-what embarrassing things are in my past!? As I thought that, I saw that the inside was pure white and there wasn’t a single photograph inside.

“Honestly, Yuu-chan, you’re supposed to start filling it yourself now. Fill it with photos of friends and companions and lovers.”

However, as she was speaking my mother stroked the album with a slightly glum expression.

“But it definitely doesn’t measure up, huh?”

“What?”

“No matter how much I try to think up something clever to give you, it never measures up to the wonderful present that I gave you on your zero birthday.” Of course I don’t have any memories of when I was zero years old. I wonder what kind of nice present I got. Even so, why couldn’t I remember it? It’s a waste. It’s really a waste.

“What are you saying? Papa and Mama gave you your first step into life.”

A sturdy body and a strong heart.

There’s really nothing better than that.

Thank you, everyone.

DONE! Whoohoo! I’m super excited! Also tired because it’s late. BUT EXCITED! I’m going to sleep now XD

Tags: [kkm translation](#), [misc kkm](#)

Current Location: [Home!](#)



Current Mood:  full

Current Music: Boku no Migi Te by The Blue Hearts